

Brain Rot, Butt Hot

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“All right, Four-eyes, prisoner is all yours.”

“My name isn’t ‘Four-eyes,’ thank you. It’s—”

The chief warden shuffled the forms on his desk, and waved a hand towards the door, which bore a sign that identified it as the Judicial Corporal Punishment Room. “Yeah, yeah, I can read. Better get used to answering to nicknames if you want to work in discipline and corrections. Definitely not a job for those who are easily...butt hurt. He he.”

“Four-eyes” adjusted his glasses, then marched out of the office. He didn’t mind a bit of teasing, but what was it about the baby boomers in this industry? It was like every one of them felt the need to ruthlessly tease the unpaid college interns.

After spanking had finally been legalized as an alternative to prison time for juvenile delinquents and first-time offenders with a misdemeanor, the industry was always hiring.

Nevertheless, despite the lack of benefits, the interview process for unpaid intern positions were still ruthlessly competitive. In this crappy economy, every single college student had “Pro Spanker” at the top of their wish-list for a part-time job.

Four-eyes had spent months enduring the 6-round interview process, and had already written multiple essays on the theory and practice of corporal punishment, not to mention the ethics, history, and philosophy behind it. He’d taken pre-med anatomy courses to study the effects of corporal punishment on the human body, and the state-sanctioned safeguards that had been put in place to lower risk of permanent injury to convicts.

Four-eyes didn’t particularly care about the academic side of the judicial corporal punishment industry. There were only two things he did know: a professional spanker usually got paid six figures as a starting salary, with benefits, and no A.I. could permanently replace this job. There had been attempts by Silicon Valley. The automatic spanking machine business was widely considered a growth industry by Wall Street, but even if A.I. did take over the world and spend the rest of eternity spanking misbehaving children for parents who couldn’t be bothered to do it themselves, there would always be some jobs that required a human touch, not to mention human judgment.

Many accused criminals simply plead guilty to minor offenses, just to get their legal troubles over with as quickly as possible. After all, if they were found guilty, they’d be getting spanked anyway, before getting tossed into prison. But as long as the accused convict consented to receive “preventative” corporal punishment, even an intern could act as judge, jury, and executioner.

Four-eyes entered a stark, surgically clean, beige-painted room. He was allowed only a clip board, his forms, and a soft wax pastel crayon for writing. After an unfortunate incident, pencils and pens were banned in the corporal punishment room. The unfortunate intern who had been the victim in the incident now bore the unfortunate nickname, "Stick-up-yer-ass."

The most notable features of the spanking room were a restraining bench in the center of the floor, a rack of spanking implements with placards containing various specifications in minute script, a few propaganda posters advertising the importance of safety, and the unimportance of the prisoner's consent, for a proper legal spanking.

The prisoner was seated, straddling a backwards plastic chair, bowing her head. She was wearing a baggy orange jumpsuit.

She had a short, dainty build, but she'd developed some noticeable feminine curves. Her skin was a light golden tan, contrasting with her shockingly blond hair. As she noticed him, she tossed her head back, flipping her hair over her shoulder. "Sup, Four-eyes?"

Four-eyes caught a glimpse of black, undyed hair roots. So, not a natural blond? As he took a closer look at her almond-shaped eyes, something clicked and he realized she must be partially asian. Maybe Eurasian, or Filipino American. It was hard to tell. He wasn't sure if her tan was all natural, or the result of sunbathing.

Four-eyes shook his head. "Hello. My name is Mister—"

The prisoner talked right over him. "*Mister* Four-eyes."

Four-eyes glared at the prisoner, then made a small tic in crayon on a checkbox in his form. The textbox read: "Were extra strokes for insubordination required? Check yes or no. Number of extra strokes required: [blank]."

Four-eyes flipped back to the page that represented his legal script. "Are you, um...Z. Gennedy? I need a verbal affirmation."

"I dunno, chief. Maybe I'm somebody else. If I'm not Zee Gennedy, do I get to dip?"

"I need a yes or no for legal purposes."

"No cap? Okay, yeah, that's my handle."

"...Yes or no?"

"Yeah, dawg."

Four-eyes groaned. “So, yes...Hang on, they didn’t fill out your full legal name properly. What does the Z. in your name stand for?”

“Zee. I’m Z-E-E Gennedy.”

“Z. E. E.? Are the two middle initials on your diver’s license or birth certificate.”

“What middle initials?”

“The two E’s.”

“No, it’s two Ns in Gennedy, not two Es...Though I guess there technically are two Es, just split up.”

Four-eyes tapped his clip board. “No, not your last name. Your first and middle names.”

“Oh, yeah, that’s Zee Dee Gennedy. Mom calls me that when I’m in trouble...Hang on, I think the Dee is short for something. Like Deeandra or som’. Is that what you need?”

Four-eyes furiously rifled through the stack of papers. “No, no, the Z! What does the Z stand for? Good grief. They were supposed to scan your driver’s—”

He found the driver’s license. In her picture, Zee was wearing multiple decorative piercings. Four-eyes sighed. “So your full legal name is Zee Deidra Genendy. Do you recognize this scan as your current driver’s license?”

Zee smiled curiously, rolling her tongue inside her cheek. “Straight fire, bet.”

Four-eyes made a furious check in the box that asked him to ensure the prisoner verbally identified herself as the convict. He moved down the list. “You are alleged to have engaged in shoplifting—um—six hundred dollars worth of merchandise labeled as—er—PKMN T.C.G. Packs? What’s that, a drug?”

“Pokémon Trading Card Game packs? Yeah, dawg, I’m an addict.”

“Pokémon? Like, the cartoon...with Pikachu?”

“Top ten anime-level anime, straight fire. What gen did you first get into? Wait—don’t tell me, I wanna guess. You’ve gotta kinda’ Harry-Potter millennial boomer vibe going. You’re a Gen Wunner, F.R.?”

Unsure what any of that meant, Four-eyes tapped the box. “We’re not here to make small talk. This says you were apprehended by security, confessed to the crime under police questioning...quote, “Yessir officer, I’m straight-up guilty af, no cap. Just, please don’t snitch to

my mom—she'll fold me like a lawn chair and light me up if she ever finds out I dropped my whole-ass allowance on Pokés. If I don't pull a Mega Charizard Y ex Mega Hyper Rare Gold #294, my ass is already cooked, FR, yo!"

Zee swallowed. "That...was taken out of context."

Four-eyes raised an eyebrow. "In what possible context is that not a confession of guilt?"

"When the fuzz nabbed me, I figured I was just in trouble for double-dipping more than store limit. I was flying through the self-checkout on the DL real smooth, but I forgot about the two packs in my back pockets. I didn't even know I had the ones they wanted to pin me for yeeting."

"...Nevertheless, your attorney's note indicates that, as part of your plea deal, you consented to accept preventative corporal punishment, in lieu of a full trial?"

"That's the deal where you spank my red-hot gyatt hot n' red, ain't it?"

"Your what?"

"You know. Muh 'gyatt.' As in, gyatt dayum, dat's a fine ass, she thiccer than a bowl of oatmeal?" Zee spun in her chair, revealing her wide, child-bearing hips. The baggy orange pants did nothing to disguise her shapely rear end. Zee slapped it firmly. "This my gyatt, bro."

Four-eyes drew a circle around the numbers that indicated the mandatory minimum and maximum number of strokes for corporal punishment. "I see. Yes, I'm afraid it's my duty to administer corporal punishment on your gya—ahem—your hindquarters. This is your last chance to back out, but doing so will result in you being immediately arrested, and remitted to police custody to await a formal trial. Will you consent to submit to your spanking?"

Dee spun on top of her chair, flopping down to sit on her curvy bottom, as if hiding it from inspection. She almost looked like a normal, polite young woman, before she kicked up her foot and tipped her chair back at a dangerously jaunty angle. "Word up. Head down, ass up. That's th way we like to—"

"You understand that before I can administer your spanking, you will have to partially undress? I'm legally required to deliver each stroke across your bare buttocks, or it doesn't count for the purposes of preventative corporal punishment."

Furtively, Dee glanced backwards at her rear end, then slumped slightly in her chair. "Um...yeah?"

Four-eyes pointed his crayon toward cameras mounted on the wall. "Furthermore, you must consent to having this procedure recorded, for the purposes of your parole officer and to act as evidence for your legal representation?"

Zee forced a nervous smile, carefully avoiding looking at the cameras. "No big!"

"Would you like to use the toilet before we begin?"

"Skibidi."

"...What?"

"Skibidi toilet."

Four-eyes narrowed his eyes. "It's not uncommon for a prisoner to lose control of their bladder during a judicial flogging. If you piss yourself, there's a fifty dollar fine for the mopping service. So, with that in mind, do you need to go to the bathroom?"

"Oh, nah dawg, all good. I went potty right before I got here."

"Then I'll need your signature here...and here."

Zee stuck out her tongue as she carefully spelled her name in all caps block letters. She started to sign the second line, then froze. "Wait...what's all these numbers? I get *how* many whacks?"

"The mandatory minimum for petty larceny is a hand spanking, followed by at least one set of six strokes with the paddle."

"At *least* six? So, you can go higher than that?"

"Theoretically, up to the legal limit of thirty-nine strokes, but the judge usually recommends—"

"So, you could give me six, or, like, one more than six, right?"

Four-eyes grit his teeth, and tried to make his voice sound low and dangerous. "Well, the tradition is for strokes to be administered in sets of six for easy counting, but using my legal discretion, I suppose I could make it seven."

Zee rocked back and forth in her chair, pumping her fists. "Six-seven!"

Four-eyes took a sharp breath, and jotted down a note. "Very well. You will get one hundred spanks with my hand to act as a warm up, plus *seven* strokes with the paddle, instead of six, for every set earned. That's well within my purview."

Zee froze. "Huh? Am I clocking you right, F.R.? It was just a joke, my dawg."

"This is not a joke, Miss Gennedy."

"But you said the biggest number was thirty-nine!"

"That's the absolute maximum number I'm allowed to deliver, *with an implement*. The hand spanking is a separate category. Surely your lawyer explained this to you. While we are on the subject..." Four-eyes flipped to a damning photograph that depicted a close up shot of Zee's jean-short clad buttocks, with both packs of Pokemon cards clearly in view poking out of her back pockets. The judge had typed a personal note in the column. "...It seems the judge recommended I give you two sets of strokes, one for each packet of stolen cards. Since we agreed you'd get seven strokes instead of six, that'd come to a total of fourteen."

Zee stamped her feet, then drew her knees to her chest. "But, Four-eyes! It was an accident! I'm keeping it real, no cap! You can't give me that many! My butt will fall off!"

Four-eyes showed her the page with her signature. "Well too bad, because I *can* give you that many, and more...no cap. It's not my job to declare you guilty, or not guilty. It's my job to spank you. If you want to take it to court, I can call the warden."

Zee's pupils shrank to pin pricks as she shifted in her seat. "Please! I can't go to jail! Do not pass go, do not collect 200 dollars! Look at me! If I get jumped, I'll get my ass whooped!"

"Then you get your ass whooped, and it's not my problem. You brought this on yourself. My job is to make sure you think twice before you ever do it again. So, time to make a decision."

Zee ran her fingers through her hair. "But does it have to be that many? Can't I just get the hand spanking, plus the six-sev-uh, just the six? Or even just the twelve?"

"You *could* have. But I've decided to give you what the judge asked for, plus what you asked for. I expect a simple answer of yes or no. Will you consent to be spanked?"

Zee groaned. "Okay."

"Yes, sir."

"Actually, my pronouns are she/her/hers, when I'm in a princess mood. But I also like ze/zim/zer, when I'm vibing more with Piccolo's aura. Sometimes, I feel like I have more of a little-green-man energy kinda vibe to me, you dig?"

"You will refer to me as sir, or you will get another seven strokes."

Zee's eyes fluttered. "Oh. No problem. Yes, sir. You can spank me, sir."

Four-eyes sniffed sharply. "Then I'll have to ask you to undress. I'm not allowed to touch your clothing, other than to remove your undergarments immediately before the hand spanking

begins. You may keep your top, but your pants must be completely removed, and left on the table.”

Slowly, Zee stood and dropped her pants, her lip quivering as she pouted. The orange top had been specially designed for convicts sentenced to corporal punishment. The orange jump-suit was made from tear-resistant fabric, designed to avoid snagging or catching on anything. The front of the shirt had a long tail like an apron, meant to provide a thin shred of modesty, but the back had a cut-away which deliberately exposed the buttocks.

As Zee bent over to step out of her pants, Four-eyes noticed her panties were decorated with Japanese kanji and recognized the logo for Jujitsu Kaijen. It had been on his anime watch list but he hadn't gotten around to it yet. Zee stood and glanced at the imposing restraining bench, looming in the center of the room. As she glanced at Four-eyes, Zee curled her mouth into a desperate attempt at a smile. “So, where do you want my cakes, bakes? Let's get cookin'...sir!”

She added the last word quickly, her eyes flicking back to Four-eyes. Four-eyes seated himself on the empty chair. “We will start with a traditional, over-the-knee hand spanking. You should know, in the event a misdemeanor is convicted for petty larceny, she—or ze—can usually expect at least one hand spanking per week while serving her/zer prison sentence. It's part of the the Inmate Discipline Program? I hear the slang for it among inmates is ‘the regularly scheduled maintenance spanking.’”

Zee stood staring at Four-eyes' lap, her knees knocking. “Really? Liike what you do for old rides? Sounds lit. My dad says I should be a mechanic when I grow—”

Four-eyes patted his lap. “Lie across my knees, Miss Gennedy. I'm not going to force you. Bottoms up, as it were.”

Zee flopped down roughly, pressing her tummy flat against Four-eyes thighs. “Yessir!”

To his immense satisfaction, Four-eyes noticed a series of soft, pink handprint-shaped marks across Zee's lower bottom. It seemed that, just this morning, her parents had given her a foretaste of the justice she would face today. It was a relief to know that wholesome family values were still being upheld in the world.

As Four-eyes reached for the waistband of Zee's slightly-dated current-year-seasonal-anime panties, she clenched her butt cheeks tight, as if clinging to them for dear life. “Er—is it possible for me to keep my lucky undies?”

Four-eyes pinched the elastic waistband of the panties on either side of Zee's hips. At the sight of her bare bottom, he was intrigued to discover that, though she did have a noticeable bikini tanline, at least her tan was all natural. Somehow, he found that charmingly authentic. He wasn't exactly finding a strange new respect for her, but it made him feel slightly less disrespect for her. “You will get these back as soon as we are finished.”

"I mean—keep em up during the butt whooping? Pretty please, sir? It's not like they're going to do anything to save my ass from getting roasted in the Q.T's."

"No. You have no constitutional right to bear panties. But the law does require you to be bare bottomed. Heh!" Four-eyes glided the panties down below Zee's bottom with a clean, fluid tug.

Zee squeaked like a mouse as she tried to cover her blushing, pink buttocks, but it was too late. A set of two tattoos were stamped along each side of her hips, clear as day: a little cartoon chibi astronaut, twerking. Four-eyes stared at the tattoos. "Is that...the guy from Among Us? Like the old memes?"

Zee buried her face in her hands. "Uuugh...please, don't say it!"

Four eyes patted Zee's behind, stretching her butt cheeks to watch the tattoos stretch in response. "Seems pretty sus."

"No, no, no! That's so cringe! Amogus isn't cool any more! It stopped being funny after 2018!"

Four-eyes bounced Zee's bottom cheek in his cupped hand, creating the illusion the cartoon astronaut was really twerking. "No. That meme was never funny. Your reaction, on the other hand..."

Four-eyes landed a surprise spank, lightning quick, across the center of Zee's buttocks. The force of the impact made tattoos jiggle. "Owww!"

"...Now that was funny."

Digging her nails into Four-eyes pant leg, Zee glanced over her shoulder, staring daggers at her persecutor. "It's so not it! You're straight Ohio power tripping. I thought you were supposed to be a pro. You're already molly wopping me! Why you gotta' roast me too?"

Four-eyes sighed. At last, he was in his element. His years of unpaid labor were finally bearing fruit! "Ah, this is quite purposeful. Think carefully, Zee. Is there anything you would like to say in your defense, before I begin?"

"I thought it was low-key a big L to be your own attorney."

Playfully, Four-eyes patted Zee across either buttock, left then right. "But this isn't a court room, Miss Gennedy. If you were found guilty by a jury of your peers, you'd be in real trouble. The spanking you're getting today would be just a foretaste of what was in store for you. Just imagine it. Day after day..."

Four-eyes landed a firm spank, aimed across her left buttock with surprising force. Ignoring Zee's howl of protest, he raised his hand high, and brought it down again across her right buttock. "Week after week..."

He delivered four spanks, faster, using the same left-then-right pattern. Zee squirmed across his lap. "Oowww! Ow-wow-ow!"

"Month after month..."

Eight more spanks. Four in a row to the left buttock, followed by four in a row to the right. Zee yelped as she noticed the change in pace, then yelled long and hard. "Eep! Yeeeeaaaaaahooow!"

Four eyes raised his hand high, waiting for just the right moment. "Year after year..."

Zee's eyes fluttered open, looking at him with silent, desperate plea for pity. But Four-eyes only spanked her, harder, faster. After delivering sixteen spanks, he paused for half a beat. If Zee had been paying attention to the numbers of spanks, she might have been expecting a reprieve. "*Bah. She's probably doesn't have enough of an attention span to appreciate a spanking this good,*" thought Four-eyes, before he carried on spanking at a relentless pace. He gave her another twenty good spanks, keeping a silent count. Fifty-one total so far. And he could give her up to two-hundred spanks with his open palm without going over the legal maximum.

In his advanced placement corrections officer courses, Four-eyes had excelled at the physical aspects of spanking: strength, timing, hand-eye coordination. But it was only after working with his beloved spanking coach, Mrs. Karen Bee, that he had mastered the subtler aspects of spanking. She had forcefully ordered him to spank her own muscular bottom until he finally got the hang of it. The beauty of spanking was that it allowed the disciplinarian so many options to educate the unfortunate person on the other end.

Four-eyes paused the spanking, and breathed dramatically on his palm. Then, he made a point of lowering Zee's panties the rest of the way down her legs. When he reached her ankles, he patted her thigh, and she obediently started to step out of her panties. With a flourish, Four-eyes snatched the undergarments off her foot, and set them neatly in front of her face. That would give her something to think about. "All right, Miss Gennedy. We're *almost* half way through the warm up spanking. Tell me, how does your bottom feel?"

He watched her bottom quivering with a satisfied look on his face, letting the moment hang. Zee hissed, and sniffled.

Then, Zee planted her feet on the floor in a steady horse stance, and thrust her hips up and down, twerking violently. "Gyaaat, dayum! You makin' my ass clap! Can't you catch me a break...sir?"

He watched in disgust as she waggled her hips, making the puppy fat on her plump rump flap and flop. He delivered a ferocious slap across the center of her buttcrack, sending her stumbling forward and back across his lap. Then, with a practiced motion, he pinned her knees in place between his legs. "That does it. Just for that, you've earned a few extras, for struggling."

Bucking reflexively, Zee kicked up her legs once, before her brain slowly processed what she had just heard. Then she dropped her feet, desperately resisting the urge to fight. "Huh? But, sir, I wasn't throwing no shade. I was glazing you!"

Four-eyes silenced his victim with another two quick spanks, then swung his arm high, preparing to unleash a furious volley. But he caught himself. No, Coach Bee had taught him that a champion spanker had to keep his cool when facing a hard-assed opponent. The whole point of the warm-up spanking was to give the spankee time to reflect, before the main event. "Miss Gennedy, if you flail around like that, you're liable to hurt one of us. Now, hold still, and take your spanking, like a lady."

Zee turned, blushing as she held her hands delicately against her cheeks. "Aw, you really think...I'm a lady? To be honest, I think I'm more of a strong, gyaru, tsundere, shonen-jump-tomboy-on-my-training-arc, Toph-core, oath-of-vengeance-Paladin-coded—"

Four-eyes had already had enough brain rot for one lifetime. Giving up on the idea of making the warm-up spanking instructional, he silently counted out the next fifty slaps, then added another ten to serve as extras, making them the hardest of all, for a total of one-hundred and twelve swats.

By the time it was over, Zee was gasping for air. Her eye lashes were damp with tears, but she had successfully resisted the urge to break down crying. Frowning, Four-eyes picked her up off his lap, and set her on her feet. "All right, Miss Gennedy...you got through the hand spanking. But that"

Zee winced, and rubbed her bottom. "Did I take it like a little pog champ, sir?"

"...You certainly took it." He reached around her waist and pulled her hands away from her backside. "Pick up your underwear, and set them on the table next to your pants. And no more rubbing."

Holding her hands flat against her sides, Zee shuffled around the chair, careful to keep her butt out of view. She bent at the knees to pick up her panties, then tossed them to land by her orange prisoner pants. They flopped off the edge of the counter, forcing her to retrieve them again. This time, she bent at the waist, knees straight, so that her buttocks poked skyward behind her.

As he snuck up behind the bare-bottomed, brain-rotted babe, Four-eyes cleared his throat. "Ahem, Miss Gennedy! May I have your attention?"

Zee shot back up, twisted on her heels to face him, and slammed down the panties on the counter behind her. "Shoot dang! I didn't forget not to rub, did I? You dishing me out some extra extras, sir? Because that's just...extra."

Four-eyes put a hand on the back of her shoulder, and marched her along the line of spanking implements. "You get your extras *after* we finish your paddling. But first, I want you to take a moment to appreciate some good craftsmanship."

"Big oof, sir. Craftsmanship is a gendered term that reinforces patriarchal structures. What if the craftsman's a woman?"

"Then I'd call her a master craftsman. One more word of interruption, and I'm adding an extra swat, on a *per word* basis. Have a look at these paddles. The holes are drilled to cut down on wind resistance, but drilled precisely to allow for a more even swing, without sacrificing good coverage of the target's surface area."

Zee eyed the wooden paddle in awe. Four-eyes gestured to the extensive collection of paddles, canes, and straps. "We use wooden and leather implements for a more traditional approach, but have a line of lexan paddles, acrylic canes, and rubber straps for a modern alternative. These are chosen subject to the *disciplinarian's* preference. However, the size and weight of each implement is carefully engineered, along with the maximum number of recommended strokes. These can all be adjusted flexibly, both according to the age of the convict, the severity of the crime, and the number of repeat offenses. Ever heard the phrase, three strikes, you're out?"

"Duh, I have, King...sir. Like, my Mom has Mario Super Sluggers for the Wii."

"Well, in criminal law, 'three strikes, you're out' refers to giving a repeat-felon the maximum sentence, after their third offense. Usually, a life sentence"

"Ouch. That's rough. What if they're ready to go on a redemption arc? You know, give people a second chance an' all that?"

"As the name implies, a three-time felon has already had a second chance, and a third. Did you know that, before corporal punishment reforms were instituted, over 80 percent of criminals were arrested for committing another crime, within nine years of release? Activist judges would simply release violent criminals back into the streets. Over and over again. Murderers, rapists, child molesters. Third chance. Fourth chance. Fifth chance. Thirtieth chance. It got so bad, the entire social order nearly collapsed. A war of all against all... Thankfully, we now live in a more civilized, scientific age. We now know, conclusively, that it is morally correct to spank every single criminal, for every single act of anti-social behavior, without exception. Spanking criminals objectively makes everything better, for everyone everywhere, in every way and by every possible metric."

Zee blinked a few times. “Orly? You don’t say!”

Four-eyes swelled his chest. “So I do. Now, to come to the point, you are receiving a light punishment, purely as a warning. Thankfully, judges can proscribe the cane for first-time offenders now, even for petty shoplifting. I find the paddle and the strap can be just as effective in the hands of an expert, like my old coach, but the cane is widely reported to be the worst of the three. And if you’re ever convicted of stealing Pokémon cards, you will get a *public* caning, with one year’s prison sentence to boot. You’d be looking forward to a maintenance spanking at least once a week. That’s over 52 hand spankings you’ll get while you’re locked up, all at least as bad as what I just gave you. Not to mention any additional strappings or paddlings you’d likely earn for bad behavior...So, Miss Genndy, tell me what you think. Is putting your poor bottom through all that pain and suffering really worth it, just to get a few trading cards?”

Zee paused to think, chewing her lip, then smiled. “Hmm, some of the mint pulls I’ve seen are pretty high-key guap, after get ‘em slabbed and graded at least...But I guess no crazy drip is worth putting my shawty onion booty through all that goofy ahh injury.”

Four-eyes rubbed his eyes, then fixed his glasses. “Precisely. I glad this experience is helping you to think more clearly about your future choices. Unfortunately, you still have a paddling coming. Twelve strokes, plus two extra for showing cheek.”

Zee twisted her hips to glance at her bottom. “But...ain’t I supposed to show my cheeks?”

“Never mind. Take a moment to adjust your clothing, if you wish, then approach the restraining bench. I will help you assume the proper position.”

Zee dabbed at her forehead with her sleeve. “Phew! It’s giving hell in this place!”

Then she flipped her shirt up and over her head, revealing her sports bra which was decorated with the word “OPPAI” in block letters across the top. Then she eyed it, and sniffed it. “Phew! I’m sweating like a pig. Gotta let my girlies breathe.”

For a moment, Four-eyes didn’t understand what was happening. It looked like Zee was performing some strange, wriggling dance. Probably some sort of Tik-tok trend, he thought. Then, Zee pulled off her sports bra, and her breasts flopped free.

Immediately, Four-eyes averted his gaze, blushing. “What are you doing? You don’t need to undress completely.”

She set her folded shirt by the rest of her clothing, then stood in front of the spanking bench with a look of awe. It was a straight, long bench, with a cushion in the center, and a circular stockade at the far end. “I’m grilled, senpai. Palms are sweaty. Mom’s spaghetti. Now, how do we drive this crazy thing?”

Four-eyes spotted the camera, and forced himself to approach the bare-butt naked lady. Curses! He'd never lost an argument with a woman on the internet. Why was this so hard? "The straps...just lie down! I'll restrain you.!"

With a determined look on her face, Zee lowered herself into a horse stance, and performed some midair punches before jumping, twirling in mid air, and flopping down on top of the bench. "Well, then lock in, and lock me in! Woo! Let's do this! Look at me! I'm Pickle Rick! Sweet sichuan, wubba, lubba, dub dub!"

"You're on it backwards."

Zee giggled, then crawled in a tight circle atop the bench. Her face was towards the restraint, while the cushion propped her ass up high, facing the mounted camera. Four-eyes positioned his victim's arms and legs, then secured the leather restraints. "Zee Diedre Gennedy, it is my duty to administer your paddling. Any last words?"

Zee's face paled as her head was locked in the stockade, like a guillotine. "When you say it like that, it makes it sound like I'm on the chopping block. Major skull emoji moment, dude."

Four-eyes stomped toward the counter, and pulled a bag of fresh mouthguards out from a drawer. "Here. Bite down. You'll need it."

"For what?"

"So you won't bite off your tongue by mistake."

"Is that a thing that's ever actually happened? Sounds like a skill issue."

Four-eyes resisted the intrusive urge to jam the mouthguard down the woman's throat to stop her yapping. Instead, he gently stroked her jaw until she opened wide to say something. "I can just grit my-teeff!"

Zee's retort was cut off by the mouth guard. She rolled it in her mouth, then almost swallowed it whole as she felt something flat and heavy press against her upturned glutes. He glided it back and forth across her soft globes, which were already blushing red from the hand spanking.

Gripping the handle in both hands, Four-eyes raised it high. "For your own sake, quit screwing around. Now, bite down. You're going to take what's coming to you."

With her head locked in place, Zee couldn't even see her tormentor, but her hair stood on end as she sensed the coming paddle stroke. She heard a rush of wind, felt the air tickling her bottom, and then...

THWACK!

Zee pressed her lips tight as she jolted, only to find herself securely trapped. “Mmmhhhhph!”

Four-eyes delivered the first stroke with enough follow through to flatten both of the woman’s meaty butt cheeks. Then, he glided it slowly along the surface of her skin, just to add a little extra friction to the rising heat. “One.”

Zee shook her head violently, flexing and unflexing her toes and fingers. He delivered the second stroke of the paddle with a snappier motion, sacrificing raw force to make it sting a bit more keenly. There was no rush. If you paddled too hard at the start, it only served to numb the victim. “Two.”

Zee started to cry freely, her vision blurred behind a screen of salty tears. Now that he no longer had to deal with constant interruptions, Four-eyes settled back into his old groove, pausing for a few precious seconds before delivering each paddle stroke. He felt his arm warm up by the fifth stroke. “Five.”

Then, a devious idea occurred to him. After a long pause, he landed stroke number six with lightning speed, then immediately added the seventh with deliberate force. Not only did the seventh blow take Zee by surprise, she immediately felt the difference in the impact. She could almost see both of her magnificent, phatt, thicc, juicy birthday cakes being flattened into pancakes fresh off the griddle.

A drop of spittle flew from Zee’s mouth, the mouthguard muffling the scream that came from deep in her lungs. “Fffwaaaaaugh!”

Four-eyes twirled the paddle in his hands. “Six-seven.”

Zee started to say something, remembered the mouthguard, and swore a muffled curse, right before she felt the eighth whack. “Shhh–phth! Ffwaaah’pth!”

“Eight.”

Zee spat out her mouth guard. “Bro, chill the eff out! Just stop! You’re wildin’ heavy righ’ nah—like—full-on psycho mode!”

Slowly, Four-eyes marched around the bench to stare down at Zee. Then he retrieved a second mouth guard. “For your own safety, you need a mouthguard. Bite down. If you spit this one out, I’m starting your paddling over from the beginning.”

“Ayo! Kiss my ass, you 50-Shades-of-Grey ass mofo—”

With perfect timing, Four-eyes popped the second mouthguard into place, then playfully made a shushing gesture. Zee blubbered as she saw him stroll around the bench, out of sight, but she didn't spit out the mouthguard.

Then, the ninth paddle stroke landed, and Four-eyes found his rhythm. He counted the number nine silently, then waited for a full nine seconds.

As she awaited the next blow, Zee flailed uselessly, bounced her hips in place, and tried to twist her face to catch a glimpse of what was coming. Worst of all was the fact that she couldn't see anything, couldn't say anything! This was *not* kino girl-boss energy!

She groaned, and just as she started to catch her breath, the tenth stroke caught her by surprise. As the heat rose across her seat, it was as if the paddle was clinging to her, a wooden crocodile sinking its teeth into her.

"This spanking...sucks!" thought Zee. Then she hung her head, thinking about how she'd snuck those last two card packets out of another grocery cart, some family with little kids, desperate to get a good pull. She had told the truth. She hadn't meant to walk out of the store without paying for them. But she *had* stolen them. *"No...I suck!"*

Four-eyes only waited six seconds before he delivered the eleventh stroke.

Zee cried freely, the tears spilling down her cheeks like two gushing waterfalls. *"I...deserve this spanking!"*

The twelfth stroke came even faster. Thirteen. Fourteen. Zee's voice cracked, and her muffled attempts at semi-coherent arguing were reduced to fully incoherent sobs.

She hung her head, and felt tears and snot and drool dripping down her face. *"Well, at least it's over..."*

Four-eyes snapped the paddle across Zee's lower rump and upper thighs, gliding it along her sit spots. "Fifteen. That one was for back talk."

Zee bawled like a baby, the mouthguard slipping from her lips. "Waaaaa-haa! ...Huh? Oh, no!" As soon as she noticed it missing, she went bug eyed, making a fishy-face as she lunged to catch it, but too late.

Four-eyes appeared, patting the paddle against his palm. *"He's just standing there, menacingly!"* thought Zee, using the voice of Patrick Star in her inner monologue.

Zee's face scrunched up as she sensed her doom. "I-I didn't mean it! I'll be good! B-b-buaaaaw!" She melted into ugly crying, and carried on until she felt her restraints loosen.

Four-eyes opened the latch that held her head in place, then waved his fingers to beckon her to him. "Stand up, Miss Gennedy."

Stumbling to her feet, it suddenly occurred to Zee that she was in the nude. She started to cover herself, then slowly, deliberately, she let her hands drop to her side, and stood straight before her tormentor. Her nipples were stiff. Her unshaven bush was on full frontal display!

Four-eyes held out the wooden paddle. "Hold this. I want you to feel its weight for yourself."

Tensing, Zee held out her hands to accept the implement, expecting it to feel like a hefty giant's great club in her hands. But as she held it, she noticed something. "It's...small?"

"That's right. Today, I introduced you to the paddle used for first time offenders...It's the lightest paddle we have."

Hugging the paddle tight, Zee looked at him with wide eyes. "You mean...that was you taking it easy on me?"

Four-eyes took back the paddle, and cradled it. "That's right. And I hope you never recidivate back to crime, or it'll go much worse for you. The county court will keep a record of your citation for one year, before your probationary period ends and your record is cleared. Until then, if you commit a repeat offence, then I'm afraid...that's a paddlin'!"

Zee nodded, then thrust out her arms, sending her boobies a-wobbling and a-wagging. "That's a paddlin'! But right now, it's glomping time!"

Four-eyes dropped the paddle as Zee surprised him with a tight hug. "Wuph?"

Zee started crying again, but this time, they were the soft, gentle tears of remorse. "I'm so sorry you had to spank me, Four-eyes senpai!"

"Um...just doing my job, ma'am?"

"Oh, please, tell me you don't hate me...you don't hate me right?? I'm delulu a.f. r.n.!"

"Hate you? No, of course not, you've paid your debt to society. Why should I hate you, ma'am?"

Zee murmured. "Actually, I'd prefer if you call me 'sir.' It fits better with our dynamic."

Four-eyes stared at the camera. He technically wasn't supposed to touch the prisoners anywhere, except their bottoms. "...What dynamic?"

"You know, my Peppermint Patty tomboy-core snack vibe to your hot-nerd-with-the-goggles Marcie energy."

Four-eyes eyed the camera watching him, imagining how every boomer in the break room was going to be “taking the mickey out of him” for this later. Finally, he awkwardly patted Zee across her shoulder. “Um...there there, sir. Everything will be okay?”

Zee looked up at him, smiling curiously, then jumped into his arms. As he lost his balance and fell back onto the chair, Four-eyes was forced to grab a hold of the first thing he could get a hold of: Zee’s butt cheeks. The moment he noticed what he was clutching with both hands, Four-eyes threw his hands up in surrender.

Zee pouted. “You got L rizz, Four-eyes, no bussin.”

Then she pecked him on the cheek.

...

Four-eyes’ final alarm rang to warn him he was almost late to his rural American history class, focusing on the use of corporal punishment by the pioneers.

Summer vacation came and went, and it was Four-eyes’ first semester as a senior. Time flies when you’re having fun spanking criminals.

The warden had called him into the office to critique his technique, calling attention to the point of the video where he’d reached around to gently massage the prisoner’s buttocks for her. “Bad idea. That opens you up to a potential civil suit.”

“But she consented. She was begging me to help her rub the hell outta her hot seat—ahem—I mean, I examined the injured area, and determined that first aid was needed to soothe the skin abrasions”

“Yeah, straight outta the textbook. But even *with* verbal consent, it’s against best practices. But looks like you course corrected yourself pretty well, not to mention her, so I don’t think she’ll be suin’ ya. Her lawyer says she has no legal objections to your work, and her parents sent the department a thank-you note. Here you go. You’ll be glad to know that little Miss Pokeyman Poacher will be getting regularly scheduled maintenance spankings at home from now on. Plus they bought the commemorative paddle as a souvenir. I think you have what it takes for this line of work, once you graduate.”

The hall mark card had contained a polite, erudite, hand-written note from Zee’s mother and Father. Zee had added a chibi-style doodle that clearly represented herself sitting bare bottomed on a stool for timeout, flashing the peace sign and winking. Her speech bubble declared, “Thank you for spanking me! I promise I won’t waste my second chance!”

There was only one thing that had soured the summer job for him. Ever since word spread about the unusual client he'd gotten for his first case, the boomers in the corrections department had made it a running joke at the office.

They had seen *everything*.

They kept showing him A.I. edits of the footage of him on lunch break, which for some bizarre reason all involved turning him and the prisoner into characters from something like Illumination's *Minions* or Dreamwork's *Shrek*.

"Careful with that one. She's fixin' to tie a knot on you. That prisoner's gonna' be a regular old ball and chain around your neck if you let her! Ah ha, haw! ...Man, I hate my wife."

Four-eyes blocked out the mental image of the various minion memes and took his seat. A blond student was standing at her desk, blocking his view of the professor. She was wearing a distractingly low cut white tank top, and distractingly tight distressed jeans, which looked like they'd been deliberately ripped as a fashion statement. "Ahem, could you please sit down?"

The woman rounded on him, and he recognized Zee. "No, I can't please sit down. My gyatt dayumed, red-hot, double-caked-up cheeks are killing me, f.r.! How'd you like it if you—"

Zee did a double take as she recognized him. "Four-eyes senpai? What are you doing here? Did I miss a call from my parole officer?"

"I'm not Four-eyes, I'm—"

"Duh, you're an upperclassman! So you really *are* my senpai, word up! Hey, check it."

Zee cupped her jean-clad booty, lifted her hips, and flopped herself down forcefully on his desk with a slam. "Take a good look, King. Notice anything?"

Four-eyes stammered at the sight of her ample, apple-bottom jean-clad booty. One of the thread bare tears across her upper thighs revealed a patch of skin that was unmistakably still bright red from a recent paddling. The jeans were so tight, the puppy fat on Zee's bottom seemed to be straining to break loose from their constraints. Four-eyes swallowed. "Um..."

Zee gestured to her back pockets with both hands. "No stolen packs of trading cards! I'm resolved to turn over a new leaf. And once I graduate, I'll pursue my life-long dream. I want to be the best, like no one ever was..."

She spun on her seat, kneeling on top of his desk, with hot fire blazing in her eyes. "That's right! I'm not just going to speculate on children's trading cards anymore! I'm finally going to teach myself how to actually play the game, and become a Pokémon trading card master!"

Four-eyes felt all eyes in the room on them, and glanced at the projector. “Erm—class is starting, Miss Gennedy. Better pipe down.”

She nodded. “Ooh, yeah. Here, I’ll chill with you, so you can tell me to shut my trap if I start yappin’!”

She crawled off his desk, only to sit on his lap. “Miss Genendy, I’m not your parole officer. It was just a summer job. I’m here to study, not to babysit you. Sit in your own chair, please.”

She nodded, then took a seat next to him. “Oh, straight def. I gotta start my new era right. We’d better train together, til we level up. Want to crash in the lounge to hit the books after class?”

Four-eyes jabbed a finger at Zee. “Only if you’re ready to *actually* study. Any more nonsense, and I...I’ll spank you.”

Zee smiled, and opened her book, nuzzling up next to him. “Well, duh, you’re the Spanking King...And thanks again, for spanking me. It’s nice to have a friend who cares.”

And as he heard the words, Four-eyes realized that, however annoying this brain-rotted zoomer was, he did in fact care.

The End